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contains none of the bad qualities of baking powders—soda or saleratus. It contains no harmful ingredients—no alum or ammonia.

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All Chemists who have analyzed Sea Foam commend it. Housekeepers who have used it will have no other. Cooks, whose best efforts have failed with other powders, are jubilant over Sea Foam. Saves time, saves labor, saves money.

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STATSMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Austin Texas

WORDS OF WISDOM.

SOME OF AUSTIN'S NEEDS, AND WHAT SHE OUGHT TO DO TO GET THEM.

AUSTIN, May 1, 1886.

It has been said that every good thing has some offsetting evil, and vice versa. Austin illustrates the truth of this proposition. We have a class of citizens who believe our natural advantages to be so great that no effort of the people, as a community, is necessary. They believe that somehow we are exempt from the necessity for earnest, united, manly effort to promote the common good; that somehow we will be borne upon the tide and kept up with the progress of the age without toil or effort. Another class, having ample of this world's goods, and either too miserly to risk a dollar unless fully assured of its safe return with a very large interest, or their souls are too narrow and selfish to care aught or do aught for the good of the community in which they live. Every good citizen should pray for a speedy deliverance from this class, for of all the evils Austin has to bear they are the greatest. They stand as a stone wall in the way of all progress, for if any public undertaking, which requires money is proposed, energetic men of less means will not assist, because they think the "mossbacks" should head the list with large contributions; whereas, they will do nothing, and thus the prospect dies a natural, or rather unnatural, death—killed by a few selfish commoners. Another class is always bilious, always despondent, always croaking and always looking to the future with most gloomy forebodings. Let us throw the mantle of charity over these croakers. They deserve our sincerest sympathy. The hideous nightmares they conjure to torture themselves and others is ample punishment. They will never find a place or a people this side of heaven that would please them, and of course they will never go there. Another class has enterprise, perseverance and brains. They know Austin has immense possibilities, and they are eager to make her what she ought to be. Every worthy public or private enterprise has their hearty sympathy and support, and such of them as can do more are always ready to give a hearty god-speed to every undertaking calculated in any way to benefit the Capital City of Texas. This class is the leaven of the entire lump. But for them there would not be one ray of hope for the future of Austin. It has been, and is now supposed that this class constitutes only a small minority, but this is a mistake; they, in fact, constitute a large majority of our entire population, as we believe will be shown in the very near future.

Within a very few days the people of Austin will probably be called upon to subscribe money to induce a railroad from Bastrop; and we believe there are very few of our capitalists, bankers, professional men, merchants, business men, mechanics, or of any other class, who will be willing to throw themselves down as being either "sluggards," "moss-backs," or "croakers" by refusing to subscribe liberally to this enterprise. Let us consider for a moment, what Austin would gain by surveying this railroad, and what she would lose by a failure to secure it. The assessed valuation of Austin real estate in 1885 was over \$5,000,000, and it is well known that the assessed value is much below the real market value; but taking the assessors' figures, much less than one per cent. on this valuation will secure the proposed railroad. Now, no well informed person can doubt that real estate in the city of Austin will immediately advance, at least ten per cent., if this railroad is built, or that it will immediately decline at least ten per cent., if the proposed railroad boom, Bastrop to Taylor, becomes a fact. Thus it will be seen, that the real estate owners of Austin must suffer an immediate, inevitable loss of, at least of one million dollars, if we fail to secure the proposed road. And this immediate loss of one million dollars to the real estate owners of Austin is a mere bagatelle—a drop in the bucket—to the constant permanent loss of revenue from the trade, that would be lost to this city for all future time; to say nothing of the still greater and equally permanent loss, that we would sustain by a failure to secure other lines of railway which the Austin & Bastrop road would ultimately bring here.

This is a mere outline of the case. Very much might be said, showing how Austin would gain in a hundred ways by the construction of this road; of how she would lose in a hundred ways, if said road is not built. But this letter is already much too long, though I hope the importance and gravity of the situation will be considered a sufficient excuse. ALABAMA.

At no place in the city is there kept a finer assortment of wines, liquors and cigars than at 4-Eyed Brown's Cosmopolitan saloon. Here is to be found Chase's pure barley malt whisky, a god-send to suffering dyspeptics. Bock beer, the best summer drink, is kept on draught to satisfy the thirsty soul.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

A CHASE AFTER THE REDSKINS AND CAPTURE OF SOME MEMORIES.

Below is given a letter from the son of a prominent citizen of Austin, graphically describing some occurrences in the recent outbreak of the Indians in Arizona. This letter shows how dangerous is the condition of those persons residing in a country infested by these treacherous dogs who, as a rule, have as much regard to quasi treaties as a lot of hyenas. It is apparent that the government had as well try and make treaties with a party of madmen as these red devils, who generally await the time until they can pounce upon their unsuspecting victims and ravage and depredate to their hearts' content. It is better for the government to wage a war of extermination against that part of the Indian race which engages in periodic raids upon families of helpless women and children. They have killed many persons, one of whom is more valuable to this country than the whole savage race that committed the murder. These same "wards of the government" have perpetrated outrages again and again, and have been left unpunished, while for offenses not half as bad a pale-face of good standing would have swung "as high as Hamen."

NOGALES, A. T., April 27th, 1886.

Dear Sir: All excitement in town to day. This morning at six o'clock, the Indians attacked the town of Calabansa, nine miles from here, and they sent for help. Fifty volunteers went down on a special train, myself included. When we arrived there, we found two men wounded by them. Myself and fifteen mounted men started out to the scene of action. After a march of one hour, we came upon the carcasses of

beef where they had breakfasted, as the fire was still smoldering.

Striking their trail, we captured two horses they had just abandoned; one mile further on we found where they had just killed a cow. Following their trail from there we came upon the

RUINS OF A HOUSE, where they had done their hellish work by burning the house, capturing two men, one woman and a child. There we had dinner, or supper, on what was left. A friend of mine being taken suddenly sick, we started back to town, and on the way we captured a fine horse they had left, the bride was still on him and he is now in my possession. Enclosed find a memento of the house burned, in the shape of a hair pin I picked up to send to you. I have empty cartridges the Indians used, also a lady's glove lost in the scuffle with the Indians. I saw where they changed clothes for better ones at the cabin. Oh! I can't describe this day just now. Two coffins have just been sent to bury the dead in. In the last three days

THIRTEEN LIVES have been sacrificed to "Old Crook's" pets. Don't be uneasy, for we are safe. There are sixty-five U. S. cavalry now following them up from where I left off.

Yours,
N. B.—Tell — it is the worst time since they broke out.

POSSIBLY A HOMICIDE.

DAVE MILGREN HUNTS FOR LIG LANGFORD'S CAROTID AND NEARLY FINDS IT.

About 6 o'clock last evening the east end of Pecan street was thrown into consternation by the swiftly circulated news that Lige Langford, a young man well known about town, had been savagely cut across the throat by a man named Dave Milgren, a former member of the police force. A representative of THE STATESMAN required hastily thither, and found the wounded man in the back room of the Shamrock saloon, whither he had been taken, and in the hands of Dr. J. F. McKinley, who was dressing

A GASH IN HIS NECK about two inches in length and near half an inch deep, barely missing the carotid artery. The blood had been staunch, but the crimson pool under and around the chair on which he sat, as well as the ghastly pallor of Langford's face, too plainly showed that the sources of life had been well nigh drained.

Two by-standers, who had seen part, or the whole of the difficulty, were seen, and from the two the following facts were elicited: There seems to have been a quarrel between the two men at some previous time, the origin and result of which has not yet been developed. Langford has been forbidden to talk by his physician, but when he shall have recovered, as now seems probable, he can perhaps shed some light upon the matter. Returning to the time of the last and most serious difficulty, it is said that the two men met in front of the Shamrock saloon and renewed the old quarrel. After it had gone on some moments, in words merely, there was an apparent cessation, Milgren turning off and going into a grocery store near by. In this store, as the proprietor says, Milgren picked up an iron weight, accompanying the act with the monologue, "No son of a b— can stand me off." This weight he concealed under his hat, which he held in his hand. The proprietor remonstrated against his taking the weight for the purpose intended, and followed him quickly to the door. He reached the door just in time to see that

THE WORK HAD BEEN DONE, a blow having been struck Langford on the right side of the head with the weight, and the cut having been received in the left side of his neck.

Milgren was arrested and taken to the police station, whence he was removed later to the county jail for greater safety. Dr. McKinley thinks the wound not necessarily fatal, and believes that a sure recovery may be expected, if proper care is exercised.

The wounded man Langford was seen by a representative of THE STATESMAN at 11:30 last night. He appeared to have rallied from the exhaustion caused by the loss of so much blood, and was disposed to talk, but was warned by his attendants of the danger. He had enjoyed a refreshing sleep, under the influence of a hypodermic injection of morphia. It is also learned that Justice Purnell will hold a preliminary inquiry into the case as soon as Langford is able to appear in court.

JUNE WOULD BE A GOOD TIME.

From the Washington Critic.

"Daniel," remarked the president to his private secretary, as a tender light shone in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," responded Daniel.

"Doesn't all the world love a lover?"

"It is so stated by poets, sir."

"An June is the month when lover's hearts catch up the fragrance of flowers and breath it forth again, isn't it, Daniel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what is so rare as a day in June, Daniel?"

"A republican wanting to give up an office, sir."

"Don't talk politics, please. Can you get a few days off in June, Daniel?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the rosy June, the blue-eyed goddess of the year, the sweetheart month—can you come to me then, Daniel, with the old, glad smile on your face, the tender music in your voice, the sweet wish on your lips?"

"Yes, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Merely for information, Daniel."

And the president dived into a sea of papers, and the waves of business rolled silently on.

NOTHING TO FEAR.

From the New York Sun.

"Have you spoken to father, George, dear?" she asked, and the voice that came from under the lapel of his coat fairly trembled with happiness. Have you begged his consent to—

No, I didn't think it was necessary," George replied, "because he has always been so friendly and cordial with me. On yesterday he slapped me on the back and gave me a good cigar, and told me how well I was looking, and that I must come up to the house as often as I could, and that you would always be glad to see me, and we could have the parlor to ourselves every night if we wanted it, and—"

"Dear father!" interrupted the voice, "perhaps I had better break the news to him myself."

THE FASHIONS.

Upper skirts grow fuller.

Under skirts remain plain.

Foulards have delicate designs.

The beautiful topaz stone is again in favor.

White lace will be much used for trimming.

Traveling cloaks correspond with the costume.

Jet increases in favor, both at home and abroad.

Round ball buttons are more in favor than flat ones.

Fawn-colored etamine is worn over gold or red silk.

Summer silks have hair lines, blocks and small checks.

The Spanish comb is a favorite adornment for lace bonnets.

Pongees have stripes composed of narrow lines of soft colors.

Striped grenadines have crescents of tiny bright-hued flowers.

Cashmere or serge overdresses are worn with velvetene skirts.

Printed crepe de chine has sprays of delicately tinted blossoms.

Mandarin yellow and tea rose are a favorite Parisian combination.

Beaded cuirass bodices in rich designs are worn over the dress bodice.

Some of the ball dresses in preparation have sleeves that are visible.

Overdresses of corde de la reine are worn with skirts of plain velvetene.

Gauze ribbons, striped and figured, will be much used for millinery purposes.

Beige in gray, brown and biscuit color is the favorite material for spring wear.

Very elegant are the buttons of cut or engraved pearl with silver mountings.

Colored mantles are worn and are trimmed with a profusion of beads and lace.

In silks as well as in fancy woolen goods stripes in clusters are the prevailing style.

Flounced India mull dresses have French bodices edged with a frill below the waist.

Fans of crepe are powdered with brilliant spangles in all the colors of precious stones.

Terra-cotta grounds with designs of contrasting color are in high favor this season.

Surah silk has broad stripes, a plain stripe alternating with one with mauve designs.

Pocket-handkerchiefs have very narrow hems, not more than a quarter of an inch in width.

Beaded galloon belts corresponding to the trimming of the bodice are worn with round waists.

Black guipure and French lace and ecru net will be used for overdresses for colored dresses.

Shepherdess hats of leghorn are trimmed with ribbon, and have a cluster of blossoms in front.

Bourette and plaid gingham frocks for little children have baby waists and white gimpes.

Plated bodices in various styles are in high favor, and are particularly becoming to slender figures.

Little girls will wear Turkey red frocks, edged with white embroidery and gimpes of painted nanook.

Separate dog collars, some with a plastron, jabot, or fichu attachment, are sold in all the best fancy stores.

Tucked and paneled skirts with polonaises or pointed bodices are the favorite styles for making up foulard silks.

Sangler, a rough woollen crape-like stuff, bids fair to have a run of popular favor for seaside and mountain suits.

Wooden buttons on which are painted or scorched designs of figures and even landscapes appear among other novelties.

Very small rosary bead buttons are used to trim and edge jackets are fastened with big, flat, or medium-sized ball buttons.

Epaulettes will be worn on day and evening dresses, and are formed by placing the trimmings upon the top of the sleeve.

Too abundant neck dressing meets with small favor; the close, neat high collar effect being preferred by those who know how to dress.

The spring designs for dresses require much material. The draperies are long and are looped high at the sides, showing much of the underdress.

Mull dresses have skirts with bands of deep interlaced between clusters of tufts. The bodices have yokes and sleeves of all-over embroidery.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Hines Clark has sold 2,300 beoves for Mrs. King.

Joe Shiner has received an order for 15,000 head of stock cattle.

We wonder if our lawyer legislature will pigeon-hole the scalp bill this year.

Driskill, Blocker & Davis have 3,000 ones and twos en route up the Neuneces canon.

E. M. Powell, of Dallas, is about establishing a colony of 500 persons in Crockett county.

H. C. Clark, of Dallas, will move 6,000 head of cattle from DeWitt county to Presidio county.

Col. R. G. Head is said to be engineering a mammoth land and cattle trade in the Colorado country.

Cattle are offered below their intrinsic value, and that sort of thing cannot last. It never did.

Mr. F. B. Harness, manager of the Independence Cattle company, says the calf crop in the Peecos country is unusually large this spring.

The uses of the thorny cactus have at last been discovered. Lubricating oil, rope and paper are all hidden beneath its unpromising exterior.

The shearing season is in full blast, and the clip is coming off too light and bright and long to be sacrificed, and will not be sacrificed if the growers and their agents do not go off half cocked.

The visible supply of wheat and corn is reported, respectively, as 44,549,960 and 13,588,611 bushels. Wheat has been reduced 1,258,523 bushels, while the decrease of corn is 1,646,415 bushels.—Chicago Drovers' Journal.

The Texas Stockman.

It is a pleasure to know that at last the bureau of animal industry has an agent in Texas who is not a crank, and who is satisfied with what the government pays him.

A man who does not propose to render a report favorable or unfavorable to any section for a consideration; who does not talk one way in the Panhandle, and another way in the gulf region, in short, a man who desires to get to the bottom of the question of contagious diseases, to the end that the truth may be made known and justice done to all interests. Such a man we believe to be Col. Sid. P. Cunningham.

Cheerfully endorsed and approved by THE STATESMAN.

The San Angelo Enterprise thus apostrophizes and bows out the traditional cowboy:

"Farrwe!, festive cuss, and as you 'pull your freight' towards the setting sun, may you find in the land of the Montezumas long-eared mavericks and dark-eyed senoritas to console you for your enforced expatriation, and may you never be forced to herd sheep, edit a newspaper or rob stages, as some of the rest of us have to do to make an honest living! What though in your palmy days you were a trifle 'handy with your pop,' and had a deep-seated aversion to rating your own beef, you were ever gentle with children, and treated women with a chivalrous courtesy worthy a knight of the middle ages; quickly lured by the song of the siren, and an easy prey to the wiles of the sport, you never 'roared' when they 'tapped your game,' or proposed to a newspaper man to 'shake' as long as you had a quarter. Festive cuss, farewell!"

HOW HE COULD TAKE REVENGE.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Life," said the cynic. "Life is not worth living."

"No," says the damsel at his side.

"Why?"

"Life is a bore. Human nature is so tame, insipid, ridiculous, in all except the vicious classes. Society in the accepted sense does not live, my dear Miss Jones. It passes the time."

"And has lots of fun sometimes."

"Never. It believes it to be fun; but it's very sorry, stupid, dull fun. I am a cynic. People bore me to death. Of course, there is exceptions, such as you—but—others. They talk and talk and talk, and I—sit and listen, and think what empty, brainless things men and women are. They worry me."

"Well, why don't you take your revenge?"

"How?"

"Talk back to them."

And the cynic grinned a sickly grin and dropped the subject.

MR. GOULD'S ESTABLISHMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT PRETENDS TO GIVE HIS LIVING EXPENSES.

The New Orleans Picayune in a recent issue says: Mr. Gould's mansion, on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, New York city, is a plain-looking double brown-stone house, the interior of which is literally palatial. There are half a million dollars' worth of paintings on the walls, and the furnishing and decorations are of the earliest description. The suite on the second floor, occupied by the heads of the family, consists of bedroom, boudoir, dressing room and bath-room, decorated chiefly in pale blue and silver. Across the hall Miss Nellie, the only daughter, has a similar suite in pink and white.

On the third floor there is a study and a large nursery for the three small boys, Edward, Frank and Harold, whose tutors are paid \$2,000, \$4,000 and \$1,800 a year respectively. George Gould's apartments are on the same floor, while the servants occupy the floor above. The butler receives \$1,000; the assistant, \$400; Mr. Gould's valet, \$600; head cook and assistant, \$1,500, and housekeeper, \$1,000 a year. Two laundresses, two chambermaids, a parlor maid, two waiting maids, two lady's maids and two kitchen girls are paid from \$15 to \$20 each per month. The food in the servants' hall is entirely different from that of the family table. Mrs. Gould spends two hours a day with her younger boys, and they read only what has been inspected by her. Since she joined the Forty-second Street Presbyterian church, several years ago, she has been liberal in religious benefactions. Miss Nellie, a graduate of Mme. Reed's famous school, is perfecting herself in music at a cost of \$20 per lesson. She has an allowance of \$5,000 a year for her wardrobe. The Gould stable, on Forty-fourth street, is a handsome building of brick, with brown-stone trimmings and plate-glass windows. Six horses are kept in it during the winter, and a closed carriage, a landau and two coupes. The staff consists of a coachman, two footmen, two groomers and two stablemen, and their wages range from \$45 a month down. The expense of keeping up the stable is \$6,000 a year.

Mr. Gould's country seat at Irvington was considered by its original owner, Geo. Dawson Merritt, the most elegant, attractive and thoroughly equipped residence in the country. Mr. Gould paid \$200,000 for the property in 1880, and it is now worth \$1,000,000 at a low estimate. The house is Gothic in style, and is 3,000 feet from the Hudson river, commanding a magnificent view. It has twenty rooms above the basement. On the second floor is a fine art gallery extending the entire depth of the house. Mangold, the steward at Irvington, has been in Mr. Gould's employ for over twenty years, and receives a salary of \$2,000. The lawn about the house is ninety-five acres in extent, and the macadamized road leading to the entrance is a quarter of a mile long. There are in the estate 510 acres, 200 of which are woodland. The live stock consists of twenty horses, as many cows, a drove of Southdown sheep, and a lot of blooded fowls. Eighteen men are on the place constantly, and in summer the number is nearly a hundred. The hot-houses and conservatory cover a